HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, L.L.D. F.R.S.

ACADEM. IMP. PETROP. R. PARIS. HOLM. TAURIN. ITAL. HARLEM. AUREL.
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It is pleaſant when we can be equally amuſed with our *own* miſtakes, and thoſe of *others*.
I have *voluntarily* given *others* many opportunities of amuſing themſelves with *mine*.

PRIESTLEY ON AIR, Vol. II. p. 323.

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TO

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&c. &c. &c.

PRINCE of philoſophers, whoſe ſplendid page
Obſcures the glories of each former age;
While through the cloud, around thy happieſt lines
By myſtic ſcience ſpread, conſpicuous ſhines
Thy wit familiar, as phoſphoric light,
Mean tho' its compoſition, gleams through night:
In whoſe high preſence ſinks dejected HALES;
LOCKE's underſtanding in confuſion fails;

Boyle's fame exhauſted like his air-pump lies;
And Newton's priſm hides all its rainbow dyes!
* Oh more than Newton ſkill'd with every ſhape
Of wiſdom to delight, egregious ape!
The Critic's boaſt! of Orators the pride!
In little ſchool the little School-boy's Guide!
† Polemic glutton, whoſe inſatiate ſoul
Folios of Fathers gormandizes whole;

* Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an ape! Pope.

† "I would farther obſerve, that the attention I have given to theology does not engroſs ſo much of my time as ſome perſons may imagine. I am particularly complained of as having thrown away ſo much time on the compoſition of my Hiſtory of the Corruptions of Chriſtianity, and of the Opinions concerning Chriſt. But the experiments contained in this ſingle volume, is much more than I have given to the *ſix* of which thoſe works conſiſt, and to *all* the controverſial pieces I have written in defence of the former of them. Single paragraphs have coſt me more labour than whole ſections or chapters of the former. *In general, during the compoſition of thoſe works, the greateſt part of the day was ſpent in my laboratory*, and the evenings and mornings only in reading or writing."—Prieſtley on Air, vol. iv. Preface, p. 9.

And,

And, to relax from philoſophic themes,
Sucks up their frothy Greek, like well-whipt creams!
Or in the pulpit if thou deign to ſhine,
The candid, charitable, meek Divine!
Or if thy breaſt with patriot rapture glow,
Of kings and kingcraft unrelenting foe!
Yet though with every gift, all learning bleſt,
Alike by printers, and by * peers careſt,
A bluſhing egotiſt, whoſe modeſt pen
Diſplays the humbleſt of the ſons of men!
Ah, ſay, my PRIESTLEY, to thy various praiſe
Why has no ſweet encomiaſt tun'd his lays?
Still ſhall the muſe, who to Sir WILLIAM'S name,
Woo'd by MAC GREGGOR, gave heroic fame,

* "Some time after this I was in company *with Lord* SHELBURNE, at the ſeat of Monſ. Trudaine, at Montigny in France," &c.

"Being at dinner *with the Duke of* NORTHUMBERLAND, *his Grace*," &c.

"This ſcheme I immediately mentioned *to the Duke and the company*; all ſeemed much pleaſed with it," &c. &c.—Prieſtley on Air, vol. ii.

Grudge from his garden one poetic tint,
To deck the wonders of thy ſprig of mint?
For BANKS's fleas ſhall PETER's lyre be ſtrung,
While thou*, thy mice, and mouſe-cage ſleep unſung?
Oh then, my tuneful labours to beguile,
Deign me, my PRIESTLEY, one ſoft ſimpering ſmile;
So to the ſoothing cadence of my verſe
MAC GREGGOR's ſtrains ſhall grate like ſcrannel Erſe;
And PETER's odes, which, ſeeking mirth alone,
Like his own lobſters, ſkip from tone to tone,
From theme to theme, ſhall ſhew a glittering waſte
Of gay diſorder, to my ſong more chaſte.
Yet when thy works to my enraptur'd eyes
In all their mingled blaze of glory riſe,
Amid ſuch rich variety to chooſe,
Confounds, not daunts, my high-aſpiring muſe.

* See the Frontiſpiece, and numerous paſſages in Dr. Prieſtley's firſt volume on Air.

For

For who like thee with novelty can charm,
* Sooth us with error, and with truth alarm;
Like thee can prove, on thy phlogiſtic plan,
How death abſorbs the vital part of man;
† At naked facts make all the learned ſtare,
And write more theories than lines on air;
Rend the tough web of HORSLEY's cloſe-wove work;
Or from platonic dreams awaken BURKE!
But ſince the gaping world in deep amaze
Still on thy laſt eccentric pamphlet gaze,

* See the motto in the title page.

† "No man was ever more temperate in the introduction of new *terms*, conſidering the number of new *facts* I have diſcovered." Vol. ii. p. 334.—Of the manner in which thoſe facts were diſcovered, the Doctor thus modeſtly ſpeaks in the 323d page of the ſame volume. "I was determined to ſhew how little *myſtery* there really is in the buſineſs of experimental philoſophy, and with how little *ſagacity* or *deſign* diſcoveries (which ſome are pleaſed to conſider as great and wonderful things) have been made."

* Which, like great MILTON's hero, o'er the plain
Where tumult, diſcord, and ſedition reign,
Wide hovering hangs, then as a rocket bright
Darts flaming up, and fires the realms of night;
Ere yet the wonder fades, my muſe ſhall try
To trace its flaming progreſs through the ſky.
And ye, who all your PRIESTLEY's ſoul inſpire,
Spirits of freedom, animate my lyre!

Preſumptuous BURKE! though ev'ry nobler part,
All ſcope of talent, and all worth of heart,
Suſtain that fame which thou haſt hardly won,
In the rough courſe of twelve long luſtres run;
Pure from all envy, affectation, pride,
Without one little ſneaking thought to hide;

* ——Satan——
Springs upwards, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanſe.

Of

Of brow as open as of mind ſincere,
To vice alone, triumphant vice, ſevere;
While the juſt purpoſe of thy ſteady ſoul
Nor raging foes, nor ſhrinking friends controul:
Though on the manly graces of thy tongue
Britain's bold genius long has raptur'd hung,
As TULLY ſweet, to charm our liſt'ning ears,
With TULLY's wiſdom, but without his fears;
Though BACON's ſcience, letters, wit, refin'd
From ev'ry baſe alloy of BACON's mind,
Diſtinguiſh thee from all of modern date,
Each rival ſtar that gilds the ſphere of ſtate;
Nor leſs our praiſe attends thy hour ſerene,
Great in the private as the public ſcene,
Unequall'd when around the ſocial hearth
Thy well ſtor'd fancy pours inſtructive mirth;
Firm to thy friend (whatever diſtant coaſt
That friend detains) as names which fables boaſt:

Warm

Warm to each dearer charity of life
That cloſer draws the brother, ſon, and wife,
Their fond ſolicitude with tendereſt care
Repaying — only not unequall'd there :
Yet vain are all thy powers, thy virtues vain,
Too weak thy wild ambition to reſtrain.
Unhappy BURKE!—what phrenzy raſh and blind,
What luckleſs dæmon, ſeiz'd thy raging mind,
And bade thee write of conſtitutions, kings,
Exploded, mean, unphiloſophic things,
In ſpite of reaſon, and in friendſhip's ſpite,
The dictates of great Doctor PRIESTLEY ſlight?
Arm'd at all points this doughty champion turns,
Smiles now in ſcorn, and now with fury burns.
Down then in haſte upon thy ſtubborn knees :
The moment that remains for mercy ſeize;
Convicted rebel, who to Britain's throne
Preaching one legal Heir, and one alone,

Dar'ſt

Dar'ſt in the madneſs of thy zeal maintain
That PITT or PRIESTLEY have no right to reign.
* High treaſon this in loftier tone he ſwears;
And, after a long "*intercourſe of years*,"
An halter's all he gives thee of his love,
But hopes it will not "*inconvenient*" prove.

Oh that the muſe, my PRIESTLEY, could but praiſe
One half the beauties which thy work diſplays!
To thee her richeſt ſtores while fancy brings,
Exulting genius claps his wearied wings!
Within the compaſs of one ſingle line
What glow, what energy of thought is thine!
Above tame BURKE, while ſickening envy dies,
How proudly does thy towering pinion riſe!

* "From two acts of parliament, viz. the fourth and ſixth of Anne, it appears that your aſſertion is nothing leſs than *high treaſon*.——Far am I from wiſhing to bring you into any ſerious *inconvenience*," &c.—Prieſtley's Letters to Burke, p. 36.

Though to that ſtar his princeſs he compare
Whoſe beams add ſplendor to the twilight air,
And darting through the radiance of the morn
With life and joy the face of heaven adorn;
Yet thou with keener eye canſt mark from far
The wand'ring path of EDMUND's fancied ſtar;
* Then bid this comet of diſaſtrous tail,
This blazing miſchief, lovely portent, hail!
A Venus, BURKE exclaims (and can we ſhow
One trite expreſſion which from him could flow?):
Thine is the boaſt, that to thy ſight reveal'd
Twine the criſp hairs from vulgar eyes conceal'd;
Hairs, which diſplay, in grimmeſt horror curl'd,
A griſtly Gorgon to the wondering world!

* "To the French ſhe has appeared to be nothing better than a comet foreboding every diſaſter, and bringing deſolation and ruin on her country. You ſaw nothing but the fine features, and imagined them to belong to a Venus. The French, it ſeems, have diſcovered the *ſnaky hair*, and find her to be a mere Meduſa."—Prieſtley's Letters to Burke, p. 19.

But

But when thy genius to keen ſatire ſtoops,
And the proud creſt of humbled EDMUND droops,
Critics muſt own, and as they own admire,
Thy words all daggers, all thy periods fire!
How pleas'd I view thee aim the glittering dart
Of pointed irony, and pierce his heart!
Sarcaſtic cry, * "In happy Ruſſia born,
Where mildeſt graces the ſoft ſex adorn,
Thee will I hail, great BURKE, with pride elate,
The gallant champion of the gentle KATE!
Lo! where the gleam of thy bright ſword alone
Scares ſlothful SELIM from the Turkiſh throne,
A *mere, mere man*—But ah! what lovely trains,
Once male, now pure from manhood's groſſer ſtains,
With

* "What an exalted freedom would you have felt, had you had the happineſs of being a ſubject of the Empreſs of Ruſſia, your ſovereign being then *a woman!*—Fighting under her auſpicies, you would, no doubt, have been the moſt puiſſant of knights errant, and her redoubted champion againſt the

With clamours ſhrill, as if by magic charm,
Check in its furious courſe thy vengeful arm!"
So well canſt thou in thy own bantering ſtyle
Of half their riſing ſcorn our hearts beguile!
Thus at ſome ale-houſe window have I heard,
In witty ſtrain, a pert loquacious bird,
With look leſs arch, with leſs conceited mien,
Steal, while he rail'd, from paſſengers their ſpleen.
Thus on the back of Bruin mounted high,
A well-dreſs'd Pug the ſhouting ruſtics ſpy,
Great prince of mimics; who with grave grimace,
Facetious trick, and ever-varying face,
Diſdainful mirth excites; then chattering loud,
Grins in his turn upon the grinning crowd;
While honeſt Bruin, heedleſs of his play,
Trots on with ſturdy ſtep his ſteady way.

whole Turkiſh empire, the ſovereign of which is only a *man*."—Prieſtley's Letters to Burke, p. 31.

How

How far, great Doctor, has thy pompous name
Already ſpread, nor gather'd half its fame!
Scarce can the cit, at Dolley's ere he takes
His daily fill of politics and ſteaks,
Seek *his* aſſiſtance, who perhaps may chooſe
Your wit to brighten, while he blacks your ſhoes,
But thus, as o'er the patient foot he hangs,
At every bruſh our orator harangues:
" What are theſe kings who keep the world in awe—
Such ſage remarks from PRIESTLEY's works I draw—
Theſe bluſtering blades, that, proud of pomp and ſhow,
Look with diſdain on little folks below?
What GEORGE, the greateſt of great kings I ween,
Good though he be, and gentle to his Queen?
What all—ſcarce worth the notice of his pen—
Mere drudges to us pop'lar gentlemen."
Oh glorious doctrine! that a king alone
Should have no rights, no pleaſure of his own!

The

The ſervant of his people! ſlave of ſlaves!
Who for a paltry boon their favour craves!
Poor tawdry bauble, boaſt of China's land,
That nods obedient to the moving hand!
* In every place, I hear thee gravely cry,
Where Commerce lifts her muddy head on high,
Exiſts ſome public ſervant of renown,
Paid and appointed ſolely by the town:
In ſimpler ſtyle, one, who from dirty ways
Each nuiſance in his rumbling cart conveys.
And thus great GEORGE—be clos'd ye royal ears!—
Is but the plumpeſt of plump ſcavengers!

* "If the town officer, in conſequence of being *appointed and paid* for his ſervices by the town, is never conſidered in any other light than that of the *ſervant of the town*, is not the chief magiſtrate in any country, let him be called *ſovereign*, *king*, or what you pleaſe (for that is only a *name*), *the ſervant of the people?* What real difference can there be in the two caſes? They each diſcharge a certain duty, and have a certain ſtipulated reward for it."—Prieſtley's Letters to Burke, p. 27.

If ſcavenger and King are like in this,
That both we chooſe, and one at will diſmiſs;
What ſophiſt would perſuade us that the other,
Should find more favour than his duſty brother?
What? If we think the wight too fat, too thin,
Of ſmile ungracious, or of ghaſtly grin,
Becauſe the ſnivelling ſoul of BURKE it ſhock,
Muſt we not bring our culprit to the block?
Oh, England, England! never wilt thou know
A prouder day than when fair freedom's foe,
Devoted CHARLES, in his bleſt ſubjects ſight
Bow'd his meek head, and bade the world good night.
And do our modern kings, ſo mild and good,
Grudge us one little drop of regal blood?
Degenerate times!—But o'er yon gloomy ſkies,
Lo! Anarchy's terrific genius flies,
And while around him headleſs phantoms dance,
Points in mute rapture to his ſons of France!

Above

Above all human, all divine controul,
How I reſpect thy ever-daring ſoul,
Eccentric PRIESTLEY, firſt of wonders, born
This firſt of wondrous ages to adorn;
When thus thou crieſt with ſimile and face,
Each longer than a Preſbyterian grace,
" * What is your boaſted church but that vile beaſt,
" The ſluggiſh Sloth, which, ere he quits his feaſt,

* " So far is a civil eſtabliſhment from being friendly to Chriſtianity, that it may be compared to the animal called the Sloth, which, when it gets upon any tree, will not leave it till it has devoured the leaves, and even the bark. Rather it is the animal called the Glutton, which falling from a tree upon ſome noble animal, immediately begins to tear it, and ſuck its blood. Now when I ſee this Sloth upon its ſtately branches, gnawing it, and ſtripping it bare; or, to change my compariſon, when I ſee the Glutton upon the ſhoulders of this noble animal, the blood flowing down, and its very vitals in danger; if I wiſh to preſerve the tree, or the animal, muſt I not, without delay, deſtroy the Sloth, and kill the Glutton? Indeed, Sir, ſay or write what you pleaſe; ſuch vermin deſerve no mercy. You may ſtand by, and weep for the fate of your favourite Sloth or Glutton; but *I* ſhall not ſpare them!"—Prieſtley's Letters to Burke, p. 84.

" Both

" Champs the freſh leaves, ſucks the ſweet juices dry,
" And ſtrips the bark of Chriſtianity:
" The Glutton, rather."—For thou feel'ſt no ſhame
Of good old ſneers, that from old Meſs-Johns came:
" Vain are the ſtruggles of the noble prey
" Clear from our Glutton's gripe to get away;
" The Gutton clings; and on the fat ſo fine—
" Pomp, honours, wealth—perſiſts at eaſe to dine;
" Nor leaves one ſcrap, however gorg'd his maw,
" For the poor half-ſtarv'd ſectary's lanker jaw.
" Theſe are thy vermin, BURKE: ſtand thou, and weep,
" While the ſtern purpoſe of my wrath I keep;
" For I—ye Biſhops tremble! Deans awake!
" Ye proud cathedrals from your baſes ſhake!—
" *I*—and what arm of mortal nerve ſhall dare
" My vengeance to oppoſe?—*I* will not *ſpare!*"

May I not eat both what and how I will,
And take of cheering cup my daily fill,
Without the ſtate's permiſſion? Why then, ſay,
Muſt ſtateſmen tell me what and how to pray?
* Shall others murmur, ſtanding if I pleaſe
To worſhip God, nor bow, like them, my knees?
Grant that I chooſe another form to teach,
And ſit croſs-legg'd upon my naked breech,
Making wry faces to ſome idol grim;
Muſt I be thwarted in this harmleſs whim?
Who could complain ſhould I, of ſpirit meek,
Like old Egyptians, deify a leek:
My ſtomach and my zeal to warm, one hour
Worſhip my ſavoury God, the next devour?

* "What right has any man to complain of me, if I worſhip God in what manner I pleaſe, or if I do not chooſe to worſhip God at all?"—Prieſtley's Letters to Burke, p. 55.

If on the bed of ſickneſs toſt I grieve,
And would by medicine my pains relieve,
No gracious monarch's tardy aid I crave,
To ſnatch a wither'd carcaſe from the grave.
Why in religion then ſo blindly truſt
To erring man, frail creature of the duſt?
For both theſe healing arts are near allied,
Like ſiſter plants that flouriſh ſide by ſide;
And in one thriving ſoil we often ſpy
Here Phyſic ſhoot, there ſpread Divinity.
Lo! where MACAULEY's friend, ſage GRAHAM, ſhines,
Firſt of Empirics! greateſt of Divines!
Oh! that thou couldſt with this celeſtial man
Concert, my PRIESTLEY, ſome ingenious plan,
A ſcoundrel clergy from the earth to ſweep,
Who not our conſciences, but purſes keep;

And thus, than PITT more frugal, ſave us clear
At leaſt * one million and a half a year?
Canſt thou no noſtrum find from guilty ſtain
Our ſouls to purge, nor give one griping pain?
For thou alike man's body and his mind
To be but ſluggiſh matter haſt defin'd;
And prov'd that all ſome preachers nick-name Sin,
The weekly burthen of their drowſy din,
Is—what a ſtrong corrective might controul,
Mere effervescence of an acid ſoul.
Methinks I ſee, ere ſcarce thy work's begun,
The grand arcanum found, the vict'ry won;
While Fame, as ſwift ſhe flies from town to town,
Bears on her paper wing thy great renown.
Proceed, illuſtrious pair, and bring to view
What few could hope, and none achieve but you!

* Biſhop Watſon, in his Letter to the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, ſtates this to be the amount of the church revenues, and expreſſes his ſurpriſe at the ſmallneſs of the ſum!

Produce this wondrous KATTERFELTO pill,
That ſhall the gnawing worm of conſcience kill;
Shall rid our ſouls of all their friſky leaven,
And make them, heavy dolts! jog on to heaven.

But ſhould at laſt this happy project fail,
Nor e'en thy own experiments avail,
Yet of thy zeal ſome little proof diſplay:
Drive from our church at leaſt the DRONES away.
* Firſt all the powers of thy great *air-pump* ſhow,
And cloſe in vacuo ſhut the Mitred Foe:
There like leſs noxious vermin let them lie;
There ſtare and gaſp, there ſprawl, kick up, and die!
Next on inferior Dignitaries ſteal;
And from below, where haply they may feel,
Charging their empty noddles through their nocks,
Ply all thy battery of *electric* ſhocks,

* "The Engliſh hierarchy has reaſon to tremble *at an air-pump, or electrical machine.*" Prieſtley on Air, vol. i. Preface.

Till,

Till, dancing an involuntary jig,
From each dull pate they ſhake its owliſh wig;
Then lightly ſcamper off with tingling breech,
And on their country livings *ſtarve and preach!*

Let drivelling BURKE exclaim in pious glow,
That all our comforts from religion flow.
Thou, the great BURGERSDICIUS of our age,
With ſounder logic arm'ſt thy manlier page.
Why muſt *religion* be our only good?
* Find we no real comfort in our food?
That few can feaſt on pure angelic love,
Well did that great Diſſenting Teacher prove,
Who boldly ventur'd on a day unmeet,
One ſabbath day, his faſting maw to treat:

* "You certainly magnify the benefits derived from religion too much.—Is there no good, no comfort in any thing but religion? Will religion feed us? or is there no comfort in food?"—Prieſtley's Letters to Burke, p. 86.

But

But while he gloated on his dainty bit,
A ſavoury gooſe juſt gliding from the ſpit;
The laſt, laſt clank of pattens now was o'er,
And BAREBONES peeping ſtood at meeting-door!
What could be done? The houſe of prayer he ſought,
His gooſe, not God, poſſeſſing every thought:
Sore yearn'd his bowels for his abſent bird;
In every pew their yearnings ſore were heard.
"Do well, and Heaven will proſper you," was all:
When now, compell'd by a more powerful call,
To his ſoul's idol home again he flew,
And, dire to tell! without long grace fell to;
Cramm'd on with appetite by prayer uncloy'd,
And in fat gooſe his greateſt good enjoy'd.

Why then of faith, or modes of faith, diſpute?
Why taſte at all religion's bitter root?
To thy free ſoul the difference is but ſmall
'Twixt God and Pagod, Chriſt and Belial.

One day we find thee a believer true;
The next thou ſeem'ſt half-Infidel, half-Jew.
So well with Hebrews haſt thou play'd thy part,
That they ſtill think thee a ſtaunch friend at heart;
And hope, in ſpite of Chriſtian jokes and jibes,
To add another GORDON to their tribes.
Ah! ſee, where o'er Duke's Place in ſhoals they ſpread,
With many a bearded rabbi at their head,
And, having ſeiz'd thee without noiſe or ſtrife,
Prune thy luxuriance with the ſacred knife!

But now to more triumphant ſcenes I turn;
While new-felt tranſports in my boſom burn.
* Holy Saint EDMUND! will thy feeble hand
Save thy dear church, thy dear devoted land?

Ah

* "If you, Sir, can ſteer the ſhip of the ſtate through the ſtorm which we all ſee to be approaching, and if you can ſave the church as well as the ſtate, you will deſerve no leſs than canonization, and *St. Edmund* will be the greateſt

name

Ah no! for, hark! Saint JOSEPH from afar
" Cries havock, and lets ſlip the dogs of war!"
Yes, great Saint JOSEPH—for true Saint art thou,
Before whoſe ſhrine ſmall ſaints like EDMUND bow—
Inſpir'd by thee, all civil ſtrife I bleſs,
And could the bloody dames of France careſs;
By thee inſpir'd, all regions would I ſearch,
Captives on thrones, and martyrs in the church
Rapes, ſcourgings, burnings, maſſacres to find,
That might *exhilarate* thy pious mind!
Doſt thou from popiſh praiſe avert thine ear?
Then will I call thee ſage, diviner, ſeer,
* JOSEPH the dreamer of a modern date,
Skill'd like old JOE in the dark book of fate.

name in the callendar. If the condition of other nations be as much bettered as that of France will probably be, this great criſis will be a conſummation devoutly to be wiſhed for; and, though calamitous to many, perhaps to many innocent perſons, will be eventually moſt glorious and happy. *Speculations of this kind contribute to exhilarate my ſpirits.*" Prieſtley's Letters to Burke, p. 154.

* " And they ſaid to one another, Behold, this dreamer cometh." Geneſis xxxvii. 19.

Riſe then, my muſe, with all thy rage of rhimes,
To hail the dawn of thoſe refulgent times,
When, after a long, dark, tempeſtuous night,
Freedom on all ſhall ſhed her genial light!
And, lo! where ſprung from Frenchmen's giddy brains,
Man's rights for man PHILOSOPHY regains,
While to her blood-ſtain'd altar Europe brings
The Clergy's wealth, the pomp and power of Kings.
Come, ye who ſeek the light; her ſacred ſhrine
With awe approach, and hear her words divine,
Where to ſwill'd clubs of Atheiſts, Jews, and Turks,
Her prophets, wiſe to dumb-ſound fifty BURKES,
The mad St. HURUGE, or the madder CLOOTS,
Prove our grand right—*for ever to be Brutes.*
Joy to my PRIESTLEY; joy. Behold, behold
* The bleſt Millenium, by thy tongue foretold!

Hail

* "This, Sir, will be the happy ſtate of things diſtinctly and repeatedly foretold, in many prophecies delivered more than two thouſand years ago, when

Hail happy hour! when ſavage wars ſhall ceaſe,
And all but thou, my PRIESTLEY, be at peace;
When ſtateſmen, like thy LANSDOWNE ever mild,
" In wit a man, in innocence a child,"
Loſt too, like him, in labyrinths of thought,
Shall wonder why we rude * *barbarians* fought:
† When for a livelihood compell'd to ſhift,
And turn'd, unpitied, pennyleſs, adrift,
Now half the Bench of Biſhops we may meet,
Croaking " old cloathes" about St. James's Street;
There ſee them, tumbling o'er each other ſtrive
Who firſt a bargain with their Queen ſhall drive;
While no mean lure her beckoning hand diſplays,
The well-known royal brogues of better days;

when the common Parent of mankind *will make wars to ceaſe* to the ends of the earth, &c. Iſaiah, ii. 4."—Prieſtley's Letters to Burke, p. 150

* " No deſcription of men but *barbarians* will have recourſe to war."—Prieſtley's Letters to Burke, p. 151.

† " *There will be no more Lord Biſhops, and Archbiſhops,*" &c.—Ibid.

At Lambeth Ferry ſee broad-cheſted MOORE,
The tide againſt him, tugging at the oar;
See ſtout-limb'd MARKHAM, owner of a chair,
With Iriſh heroes ſcuffling for a fare;
WATSON, a chemiſt's journeyman return'd
Again to thumb the books which late he burn'd;
Smooth HORNE an oil-man in the ſhop of SKILL*,
Dipping in unctuous puffs his gentle quill;
And HORSLEY, yet thy foe, for trunks and pies
In Grub-Street garrets ſcribbling new replies;
While PITT's own PRETTYMAN, now Peter Puff,
By Auction ſells his bankrupt brethren's ſtuff,
In his new pulpit thundering from on high—
Each look aſſurance, and each word a lie:
When Kings—O BRUNSWICK! raiſe thy drooping head—
Turn farmers, not for pleaſure, but for bread:

* For the daily advertiſements of Meſſrs. SKILL and SON ſee any of the thirteen Morning Papers.

When

When all the world, MORAVIAN like, ſhall prove
One univerſal family of love!'

Yet, ſpite of thy bland rhetoric, I fear
Men will not quite forget what once they were;
Some trace of former feelings may remain;
Some little blemiſh all their virtues ſtain.
Should EUROPE then be ſtill too tightly lac'd
Nor boaſt enough of nature for thy taſte,
Oh! with one enterprizing Scotchman more
Retire to AFRIC's uncorrupted ſhore.
There, mid a race who never heard the name
Of Church, or King, ſeek happineſs and fame;
Of Ourang Outangs thou Chief Magiſtrate,
And great MONBODDO Miniſter of ſtate!

In England, PRIESTLEY, never hope to find
A philoſophic apathy of mind.

Long have the fools rever'd, and long, I fear,
When thou art gone, for ages will revere
The glorious ſtem of BRUNSWICK's race, that ſprings
From Norman, Saxon, Scottiſh, Britiſh Kings;
And, free themſelves, will guard their monarch's cauſe,
Dear to their hearts, as ſacred by their laws.
Nor ſimply pious, harbour they one thought,
What ills of yore paſt ſuperſtition wrought;
Reckleſs, how BECKET fill'd the Primate's throne,
Six centuries ſince, the worth of MOORE they own;
Mild dignity with liberal manners grac'd,
Clear judgement, candour pure, and morals chaſte:
While o'er the North contented they ſurvey
The muſes reign, in claſſic MARKHAM's ſway;
Taſte, learning virtue, they in LOWTH admir'd,
Nor think theſe fled the bench, when LOWTH expir'd.
And much of Teſt laws, though my PRIESTLEY preach,
As ſtill each year indemnifies the breach;

Meek

Meek charity they hail triumphant now,
When *Biſhops* more than *Papiſts* aſk, allow.
Such are the people, who of freedom prate;
Such the wild zealots of a crazy ſtate.
For in this iſle we few but madmen ſee,
While ſober reaſon only dwells with thee!
Ah, why then ſtrive a people long inſane
To diet into ſimple truth again?
Be warn'd in time: nor with thy pamphlets dry
Too far their palates and their patience try;
Leſt, like the witty Bedlamites of yore,
Who on their Doctor having clos'd the door,
Eager to doſe him, in the very pot
That boil'd their oatmeal would have boil'd the ſot,
Theſe ruthleſs madmen of more modern times,
As the worſt vengeance for thy fancied crimes,
Make thee---oh curſe them with thy lateſt breath—
Read thy own works, and *gruel* thee to death!

THE END.

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